which it has been paid; and no paper sent unless 1010 the cash accompanies the order.

Original Papers. Courtship Correspondence

Between Mr. North and Miss South. BY FLORENCE FAY.

Mr. N. First, of course, and don't be mad, now-first, are you courted? I always want to know that about my femin- ir, I have enough of you, so let our corine correspondents, for if they are stuck pondence cease!' There is no doubt up to, why the fat is all in the fire, and I ay own mind, as to the correctness of care but little about them. This may be selfish, and it is, for it grows out of my morbid desire to court all the pretty little

be I may manage to get through. Well-yes-no-that is, I am sometimes when I can cheat some poor youth into the belief that I like him a little-'I'm o'er young to marry yet!'

me plump and plain, who and what you hear from you, directly, again, while time are courted by, and such other little et ce- endures, though it would give me infinite terus as would be interesting.

Miss S. Well, no one in particular, that I must round up and take it. just now; they've let me alone for some days, for which I'm really grateful, and I such thing, and you know it just as well don't care if I never get another beau, un- as I! Now when 'night, sable goddess,' less I can make a better conquest than I throws her mantle o'er the world and pins did the last time. He committed the unpardonable sin of having a red head! I always did hate blazing locks, and I got the sheets and quilts to fall upon your rid of him as fast as possible, in the most modern and approved style; that is, when haunting your abused and dilapidated conhe requested the 'honor and happiness of | seeing me home' from church, last week, I told him- certainly, with pleasure; as there was no moon, I should need a light! He didn't come farther than the door, and I hav'nt seen him since!

if fun it be, of being shined up to. Do on't meet the gentleman in black, some

Miss S. Well, y-e-s, rather; it gives us when we've nothing else to do. It really is amusing to think that we little, frail, helpless things, can, with our bright eyes, make you strong, proud, self-consequential men, quake and color like a very boarding-school miss! Oh! yes, I like it right

tleman's part. Be particular about the to reply to your letter; on the contrary, matter, for I am desirous of learning.

Miss S. O-h! teach a bird to fly when it's full-fledged! "Go and ask your mother,' and the thousand and one girls who have told you No! in the days of auld lang But you are a tormenting creature as ever syne. You must be more than 'thirty,' I had the luck to run afoul of, and so utif you've forgotten, after such a world of experience and practice.

Mr. N. You are not a little severe on my ill-luck, in matters of the heart ; however, it was paying me off in my own coin, state what system of courting you prefer?

prudent to tell you, you're too anxious to know. I begin to suspect something. If point of this miserable pen of mine! to get yourself into trouble, may-be I'll comply with your request.

Mr. N. Now what do you begin to suspeet, dear Sallie? Pray tell me! You need nt suspect that I'm not an houest for the world; I think too much of you but I have not had enough yet! for that. So you would like to know how

Miss S. Bless my life! you'd better believe I don't care a fig about it, -no, indeed! I'd like to know where you got that from, Mr. Lawyer.

of that ancient and honorable profession piece of business to talk about? the law? Well, it is even so, my fair one, sweet Sallie, that you will probably find me blanting, love-destroying, honor-tainting, conscience-hardening profession it is, as no doubt you already know. But as to might be at first imagined. things personal, I am not a very large man.

to stoop much more than half a yard to get but that, if you should see me about to through a ten-foot-high door! Mr. N. Imagine me ugly as a Rocky

Mountain Budger. Miss S. Perhaps a Rocky Mountain Budger would'nt budge along unusually

Mr. N. A dear lover of beef and brandy ! Miss S. Well, I don't often credit what a Lawyer says, but I believe every word of particular. Do, upon my word, Sallie! that, for a wonder! The tone of your letters confirm the first, and the last is universally known to be a Lawyer's native

element. Mr. N. And once, in my young days, what is called 'a hard case,' but now a good | deal sobered down.

in the way he should (n't) go, and when in the world is, I love too strong! he is old -you know the context. Need nt | Miss S. You throw your whole soul ing goes.

hair long, and falling in not very smooth upon a time,' to get rid of a 'whole soul-

North, complete and life-like. cuse me, please; I've such a radical an- lie-ah, indeed you are, to treat my arttipathy to the odor of apple juice, when it less declaration with such ironic levity.

Devoted to Eemperance, Siterature and General Information.

Raleich, M. C., Jahuary 2, 1356.

lapidated consciences, 'spectres,' 'flinty

ACT III.

hoped—oh! fondly hoped!—to transplant

fair flower I hoped would, one day lend a

awful defeat!) please 'phansy my phe-

to avoid an old intoxicating liquor rever, ejected from some mercantile eslishment, upon the side-walk! Good

ACT II.

Mr. N. I am at a loss to divine the ining of that 'good bye,' sweet Sallie, presume it intended to convey this :supposition, and thus I shall not look reply to this, especially as you were by careful not to ask me to write.

Now, as sincere as my admiration is for Miss S. Oh, la! terrible!—but as you worthy friends—as much as I respect and can't look upon my blooming cheek, may- love those to whom I take, and as much real pleasure as it gives me to correspond with such, still I am as independent as a carpenter's canine with a rule in his mouth. just a little, you know and then some poetic eve when I 'meet him by moonlight alone,' and his heart is palpitating with and it is as hard drawing a sigh from their and never bow and scrape, for the sake of the enormous, all-important query, he soon flinty souls as a tear from a granite block. finds himself in the cold water bath of- I told you before, that we were a heart-I'm o'er young to marry yet!'
Mr. N. If you are courted, please tell Sallie, as I said before, I never expect to pleasure to do so; and all I can say,

Miss S. No, you did'nt 'expect' any mendous 'fib,' and see how you'll call upon guilty head, and hide you from the spectres once. 'O wad some power the giftie de me,' to delegate a little compunctionprite the office of beating down the door your 'flinty' soul, and with the wand of remorse, strike a repentant tear, for this Mr. N. Tell me how you like the fun, your 'granite' heart. Take care that you outrageous lawyer appurtenance, (!) from nidnight hour, and have to render an acgirls something to think of and laugh about, orful facility with which you trespassed cunt for the great presumption, and wonwon his premises, and usurped his special peogative, when you gave utterance to such an astonishing did nt-believe-it! Mr. N. No I did at expect to hear from

you again, you rattle-brained creature you; well!

Mr. N. Please tell me the modus operandi of the business, as relates to the gentleman's part. Be particular about the

the tone of that utterly forbade any such supposition. I always tell my friends to write, to answer speedily, too; but you said nothing -aye, worse than nothing! terly heartless and vindictive do I consider you, that I really should'nt wender if you did, some day, impale me upon the point of your cruel pen.

and though I've 'caught a Tartar,' I'll not lawyers before you ever winced under the Miss S. Yea, verily! I 'used up' two grumble. But please do me the favor to discharge of my battery; so you'd better look out, or you may find yourself, some Miss S. I begin to think it would nt be day, suspended in effigy, upon the sharp

Mr. N. Oh! you voracious cannibal! you'll promise not to take advantage of it have made way with two lawyers, and they not satisfying your awful appetite, you are about to swallow a third! Did those two digest easily, or did they give you a touch of the pocturnal hallucination?

Miss S. No, indeed, that was only a man, for I am, Sallie; I'm very honest, small affair; it did nt begin to give me the and I want you to so consider me, for I horrors. I'm very much like Reynard, would'nt have you suspect anything wrong, when he declared 'Chanticleer very good, Mr. N. What do you mean?

Miss S. Mean? why I mean to serve you the very same way, if you don't behave; certainly I do; what else could I mean? But, then, to use you up, or in Mr. N. And how did you know, you fairy, that your humble servant is a limb would just be too small and insignificant a

> a hard bit to digest. Lam inclined to think your teeth will require filing before you can 'chew me up' altogether so readily as

Miss S. 'Hard bit to digest,' indeed! Miss S. No! I reckon you would'nt have Why, bless me!-I hav'nt the least doubt 'fire,' you'd be like Col. Crocket's game, and come right down the tree and give up! 'Hard bit!' St. Cecelia! you make

rapid, right the other way, at sight of your have tried to swallow me, but have, as a Mr. N. The fact is, several of your sex general thing, run against a snag. Still I love the dear things, dearly, and you in

Miss S. Oh, my! if you were only here, and said that, and I knew you liked scenes, I'd get up one, impromptu, and faint gracefully, in the height of the mode; let you bear me lovingly to a sofa, and bathe my fair brow with cologne water et cetera.

Mr. N. In the first place, it may not be amiss for me to tell you, that I'm a ter-Miss S. Precisely! that reminds me of rible creature to love,—throw my whole the wise man's saying—' train up a child soul into the business, and the only trouble

say a word about being 'sobered down;' into the business'! Ah! then don't throw I'm a pretty good Yankee, as far as guess- it at me, pray, for I have a bad habit of dodging 'whole-souled' lovers, and they Mr. N. Come into my office any day, invariably hit upon something uncomforwhen the clerks are out, and you will see tably hard to rest upon, on the other side. me sitting at a green velvet-covered table, In fact, I ran three hundred miles, 'once masses over my neck and forehead; a pen ed' gentleman, and I don't like it, a bit; it behind the right ear, and a newspaper in isn't pleasant to go Gilpin fashion, over my hand, and you have the picture of Nat | the broadway of this world, and miss all the beauties as we pass !

Miss S. Come into your office?' Ex- Mr. N. You are a cruel creature, Salhas undergone a certain process, that I al- I do like you Sallie, do, upon my word, ways prefer going two squares out of the more than "all the world and the rest of

mankind." Come now, dear one, let us your usual cronic levity, but never mind, leave off joking and funning, and talk se- I'm good for't. But let us talk of your last letter. What an almighty rigmarole

Miss S. Excellent! you've gone through about 'grim ghosts,' Mr. N. Won't you do it, my dear, lit- 'sable godesses,' 'curtains of night,' 'di-

tle darling? Miss S. To be sure I will-but you souls' and all this! What do you mean? must lead off, mind you; maybe I'll get What have I done to bring down such a used to it after a while, -anyhow, I'll try. lecture from my sweet little southern flow-I wish heartily there was a cave in this er? Save me, oh heavens! horrors seize vicinity, after your proposition; I'd imi- me! I'm a gener! What do you suppose tate the example of Euripides, and go down I care for the tgentleman in black?' The and write tragedies a few weeks, just for virtuous are always safe—always; the good the sake of imbibing the spirit of sober- have a shield and buckler-are clothed in ness in good earnest. Query-does the an armor that defies the onslaught of gentleman in black ever take a fancy to the Evil One, and I'm safe from his vevisit appertures in this oblate spheroid? nom. But how is dear Sallie? Is she because if he does, I think I'll not lay altogether secure? If she has no fears of myself liable to his Majesty's intrusion, his Satanic Majesty, and if he cannot harm just yet, as I am not as well prepared as her, her conscience must be a tormentor you are, to meet his honor single-handed. a terrible chastizer; for think, dear Sallie, I should like to be sufficiently panoplied think of the awful basting you gave me, for such an emergency, as my physical in that last letter! How did you feel afstrength would probably drop a few de- ter getting off that jag? Were you not grees below zero, at sight of your familiar sorry the moment you sent the letter? I friend's would-like-to-be-intimate face. - know you were. As you are aware of the gentleman's pre- Miss S. Well now you missed it there, dilections and peregrinating propensity, considerably, I'm happy to inform you.—
please, inform me if I would perchance, be I've been congratulating myself ever since under the necessity of vacating the premi- that started, because of the charmingly ses, during your liege lord's dismal recon- graceful, and clever manner in which I reitering perambulations, and oblige, as warded you for your manifold transgresmy interruption, I have ever found to be sions. I shall begin to think you are a fatal to poesy. 'Won't I be serious?'- poor apology for a Yankee, if you don't

To be sure I will! but you must give me redeem your character by a little more time to brush the dust of levity from my creditable guessing. I would love to give brain, and garnish the cavity with a little you a dessert but haven't room. Au revoir. mature deliberation. I always would excel in every thing I undertook, and if I could'nt do that, I would'nt do at all; like the brave general commanding his Mr. N. Thank God! the 'dessert' was troops, and urging them to "fight, noble spared to me, and I breathe freer! Yes, soldiers, and never give up; but if there Sallie, I'm still alive-I feel that I am; is a necessity then run! and—as I m a lit- I'm still a denizen of this little terrestial the lame, I'll start now!' I reckon by the ant-hill, but oh heavens! what a wreck of time you get your 'serious' letter done my former self !- what a poor, insignifiup, I shall be able to compete for the prize, cant, and used up piece of humanity !for quid homo fecit faciat, and if you suc- What an utterly wretched wretch am I !ceed, I shall not despair. It's freezing I, who forty-eight hours ago was supremely cold up your way, now, isn't it? So much happy in the consciousness of being a the better for you and a mighty saving of man-a whole man-who strutted the fuel, you'll find it; for there's no doubt in streets larger, indeed, than life, now a my mind, whatever, but the effort to get writing worm, struggling beneath the that Deacon-faced epistle off hands and tiny but cruel foot of a soulless lady! Can conscience, will be equal to any quantity it be possible that you-the sweet southern

Mr. N. Out upon you, for a hard-heart- to, and nurture in my northern garden-is ed, unsympathizing, incapable-of-loving, it possible my God L can it be, that the Miss S. Ha! I like that. I did serve beauty to my little green bower, and fill them badly, I'm happy to say; very ugly the air I breathe, with its sweet perfumeindeed! but then you know I couldn't is it possible that she is the cold-blooded help it, I hated to hurt the feelings of the murderess that she has proved herself to poor, proud things, but I'm always bound be! Must I believe the awful truth? I to shine if there's the least possible chance, must! I must! But foolish man, why and such an opportunity as they gave me, 'take on' in this whining manner! I don't happen every day, and as every sen- foresaw all this! I told you, Sallie, that sible body would, I availed myself of it, my ultimate fate was to be impaled upon and so built myself up, on their miserable the point of your cruel pen! I knew it;

of hickory limbs and rich lightwood !- rosebud, whom a few short weeks ago, I

wreck! Wasn't it noble?' then why complain? I'll do so no more; Mr. N. If you used up two lawyers, you but I pray you, dear one, to save me from are either an Amazon, or they were a milk-further tortures. Though you gave me sap set, I don't know which; but I'm in- timely warning, still I could not believe clined to think they were not much pun- you all a cannibal; I could not believe kins, for Sallie South, you would fall be- that you would devour me. No, Sallie, fore my fire, just as certainly as you should though my brethren were wantonly sacriattempt to stand up before it. You musn't ficed by you (poor souls!) though your think that because you've killed two, you heart was steeled against their cries, and can kill all. Oh, no! my love; I am your soul felt no pity at their helpless candid and really honest when I say to moans, still, my sweet one, I did not think you, that I think I could subdue you and that I should share their fate-I could not bring you to terms. Talk about 'flinty believe you would be so cruel to me! But hearts'; why Sallie, yours is as much har- alas! alas! I'm a goner! and (this being der than flint, as flint is harder than hot the first time that I ever experienced such

Miss S. Can't deny it, Nat, (albeit it links.' But, seriously, Sallie, (and now used to be tender and sympathizing, and I've got my 'Deacon-face' on, and am gois vet, towards some objects.) No wonder ing to talk serious) why have you pitched you rant poor Nat, my 'lignum-vitæ pud- into me so like a thousand of brick, withdings' haven't the soothing and satisfying out mercy or any apparent compunctions of effect of your 'custard' ones, have they ? conscience? Do you intend to crush me I'm rather sorry I made them so power- entirely; or what under the sun is your ful, but, you know I wasn t aware of your intention? weak constitution, I guess this will be ea- Miss S. I always thought, from a little, sier to masticate. As the kind lady said wee thing, that there was something really to her little lap-dog when it had bitten loveable in humility and give in-ness, essomebody-'Poor Fido, I hope it won't pecially when there wasn't a single pillar

Mr. N. I never was foiled or beaten by upon,' and thereby be enabled to 'hold siece of dimity in christendom, and out faithful to the end;' and inasmuch as 've kindled no small quantity of the com- you've confessed yourself 'beat,' and laid

Miss S. Indeed !- let me congratulate shame those despicable red-coats, that actyou upon your unparralleled success in ted so contemptible a part on Groton hill, setting fire to some unwary merchant's I'll not run you through, with the surstore-house, with impunity! It would rendered blade, but pat your humbled require a greater amount of credulity than head with the hilt, and say kindly-' well I am capable of exercising, to believe it done, thou defeated son of Coke; go in peace!

was made up and worn. Mr. N. Well never mind it, Sallie; I Mr. N. I cannot but be pleased, when I like you so well that I can't find it in my contrast your letters with those of a Southheart to get wrathy at your sharp shots. I ern sister of yours, and mark the difference. had a letter a little while ago, saying that One is full of fun and sharp shots; the my little southern bird, is 'rich, handsome other, soft, moonlight y, star-gazing, bowand talented;' and the letter said some- er-seeking, poetry-moping stuff, so sentithing else which I shall not tell you; I mental and soft, that I never peruse one wish it was true, though-I do. You say without a bottle of-of-of water by my side, you like to be courted, but you haven't to be properly sprinkled when I faint. informed me how. Why wouldn't it be The beautiful dam(n)sel, says she would prudent to tell me? I'm not very anxious, like to live forever, with some congenial

only a good deal more so in warm ones. | haunts of men (near the Dismal Swamp) Miss S. I'll own it's more alike here and feed on love, romance, ambrosia, and than at the North, and if you were only corn cakes; and all this foolish stuff! with us Southerners, just now, you'd con Oh o-o! that's altogether too etherial and fess you never saw anything 'like'it .- unsubstantial kind of living for me! But I'm away up in the third story of 'human I'm pleased with your letters, sweet Sallie: nater's' habitation, 'wanting to know' there is just that rich spiciness, and off who told you I was 'rich, handsome and hand raciness that suits my complexion to talented.' I wouldn't care so much a T; and with all your sharp thrusts, and about it, only I'm afraid you'll believe it, home plunges, with your keen stilletto, I and then there would be the mischief to love it well. There is a life, and animapay-long journeys and farewell sighs tion, a sparkling wit, a vein of fun, which (on your part.) Let me say, that crea though it cuts to the quick, is nevertheless. ture whoever it was, don't know anything sweet and pleasant.

'cause why?' if you do you'll very soon best fellow you know. Now, to be serious, find that your little craft has run into the Sallie, I have some doubt and fears, some 'Dismal Swamp' of my vengeance, and I venture to say, no one will volunteer to be ing so. First—I have the very best reasons responsible for its jeopardized bulk.

How do you like the taste of that new of conquest over men's hearts! beverage, you've taken to lately? I mean | Second-your letter leaves me not a little the liquid in that 'bottle' you speak of. I in doubt, as to your entire seriousness; and see you stumbled over it, mightily; I reck- may it not be that you intend to trip meon it must go down rather hard yet. 'Tis said that water is a dangerous element, but it not possible that now, even while I talk

you get used to it! she don't come up to my standard of what I'll be revenged-will upon my word! The a woman should be, for she hasn't the real the world; indeed, I'm as credulous as a stuff in her, that I discover in another. - kitten, and do many weak things, when I am The fact is, sweet Sallie, I kinder, sorter met with open frankness, even though deceit like you - like you well -do upon my word, covers the whole. It's true as preaching, Sallie, but if I am correctly informed, you so you know just how to take me, as no doubt are soon to be taken, by a promising son you did before this declaration. But never of the South (horrors seize him!) to his home, where you are to preside as mistress by a fairer victor; and this is no slight comand be his partner for life! Come now, fort, let me asusre you. sweet Sallie, sit down and give me a good, Now then, you have never told me who long, sober kind of letter-a real natural and what you are particularly. letter, and tell me, Sallie, if you like me. Miss S. Well I'm a little green-eyed, gol-

wards the land of its nativity, deep, down cially the way in which they live. Tell me below, and find in its swift descent, that whether or not you are a matter-of-fact girl Jordan is a hard road!' Can't I have a or a dreamer. before I give loose reins to my fancy and Mr. N. Are you a piece of loveable, imgo wandering, everlastingly, among the pressible flesh and blood, or an etherial, unmountains of New England, 'sighing like substantial semi-beau-ideal. to know 'if you've a Gulliver or a Lillipu-tiam? Are you so tall that you have to 'Impressible'—yes, very; I 'feel for othyou are, you'll suit, just right, for it would est corner of my heart. 'good stuff,' and wished Pat No. 1, had

been hung when his daddy was! with soberness,' and then put it through, for David would go a whit beyond mine. hash up a dish of spicy, peppery fibs, for feathers, honey-ind-pic fixments, you'd bet-I've got enough of such dabs, and prob- ter believe! ably you have. You know I think a heap Mr. N. You are a cruel creature, Sallie rious in what I sav.

to comply with your reasonable request, and the fire! give you a sound, 'serious' and 'natural' Miss S. How? discourse. But before I set sail over the deep still waters of sense and reason, for the darling-don't remember? green pastures of erudition smiling beyond, you will be so good as to allow me just one significant remark, and that is-if you are ever gets caught !! only like the old cat that rolled himself in the flour-tub, thinking by his clean coat, to play the mischief with the poor, unsuspecting 'Richard is himself again.' ingly good feast, you'll be just as much mis- you think of the notes to Queen Mab, espetaken as if you never had set such a trap to cially that which treats of marriage. or post that we might 'set our affections catch this correspondent, I'm very much in Miss S. Why did you think I had road down your sword, right handsomely, to

ACT IV. Mr N. Need I tell you, my Sallie, that tal life! I was highly delighted with your last letter, for human nater is alike in every clime, soul, in some Eden-bower, away from the so strong as it should be. trust in princes,' and I'm going to.

about it, at all, and only wants to get you in a bad scrape. You beware of them! Miss S. Thank you; I'm getting vain, for human nature is a weak cistern.'— Mr. N. I have told you, Sallie, that I I'm heartily ashamed of that girl; belove you, and so I do. You will say that lieve me she is no relation of mine; but have said, but for your generosity of soul which saved my feelings, as you knew it love is retiring, modest and speaketh not, you know, good and bad are marvelously but I am outspoken, and talk just what I mixed, all over this mundane sphere, Nat, would. No, no! my darling, you dont catch me mean and feel. This may be a singular and you needn't abuse the Old North State, playing false with a good, confiding girl. I never do such things, but when I run afoul Miss S. I am no admirer of your northern declaration, that I fear you'll treat it with just because one maiden is moon-struck. of a hard case, why the one that wins is the abolitionists. Take them as a whole, they are

for supposing that you are a coquet, a lover

to lead me along in a frank, serious way, and then turn upon me your killing battery? Is I venture to predict you'll feel better when as with an honest girl, you are playing the coquet, and are only seeing how far you can Mr. N. That lady, Sallie, is a beautiful lead me on? I do have some fears that this one-is rich, handsome and talented, but may be so; but if you do play false. Sallie.

And for heaven's sake be easy with that den haired fairy, with a heart in the right pen of yours; don't slay me in cold blood, place, that like every body's else has felt the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.' because you see, I cry for quarter, and am Mr. N. Plague! Now Sallie, though I have heard by the winds that you are 'rich. Miss S. Pray be good enough to inform handsome and talented,' I desire to know me who said I was going to be bound in from your own pen, what you are. I care Hymen's silken bands? It's a giant fib nothing about your pecuniary circumstances, that hasn't an inch of terra firm a to sup-port itself upon, and consequently must nor for your beauty or talents, but tell me port itself upon, and consequently must something of your likes and dislikes—your inevitably topple over and gravitate to-notions of the world and the people, espe-

spark' without getting in a blaze myself, Miss S. Well, I'm a little of both-that I'd like to know? Bless me! I've no is, I dream when there's nothing of sufficient more idea of being a 'caged birdie,' than importance to keep me awake to the stern of going up to Hardscrabble to freeze. But instance, I write poetry and prose when I've realities of this 'working-day world;' for you talk about liking me vastly; and now nothing else to do, because 'Satan finds,' &c.

furnace' after my amorous swain, I want Miss S. 'Loveable'-ahem! well that's

get up on a ladder to take off your hat, or ers' wo, always; and a little pale, bare-foot so short that you go down in the cellar to beggar child, crowds itself right into my symput your hand in your pocket? because if pathies, and nestles down in the very warm-

take some one that did things rather out of the usual order, to entrap me. They've been trying it, now, ten years, and every been trying it, row, ten years, and every culation should be lost in indifference to all time, they missed it precisely where they things but one, and that one, the enjoyment of did before !- for matrimony, I have heard the object loved? That is, is your love at times say, is like paddy's mustard, when he cried the all-absorbing sentiment and feeling of because his daddy was hung, a good many your soul? or are you utilitarian, earthy and years ago, and another poor sinner, misled calculate the chances of getting a plum beby his assertion, tried a spoonful of the fore giving your heart away? Come, now. tell me about it, because I want to know.

Miss S. I reckon I could love pretty considerably-that is, I guess I'm not incapable Mr. N. Will you never be serious? For of feeling the 'sweet pain, that inly thrillheaven's sake, my dear Sallie, put on your ing, but exalts it more.' Should I chance sober cap-brush away those unseemly to meet with one that came up to my stancobwebs of levity, 'garnish your cranium dard, I don't believe that Jonathan's love Is, ex necessitate rei, you must write with of getting a plum,' I don't believe in the the point of a dagger dipped in a fluid of theory; though I shouldn't wonder if it gall-if you must use a poor mortal up, were practiced now and then, from the nuwith your sarcastic pen-if you cannot merous thin and funeral-looking wives we write in your former vein, to me, for hea- meet with, now a-days. For my part, I'd ven's sake stop! I give in! Hold! hold! rather keep my heart all to myself, than of-Write immediately, dear darling, and don't if mine ever gets caught, it won't be by fine

of you, sweet Sallie, and so would be se- ah! indeed you are, for know ye, you had well nigh knocked all my ambitious notions Miss S. 'You think a heap of me, sweet into pie, with one single sweep of your Sallie,' precisely; I knew it would come to 'grey goose quill'-also, absolutely relord all that, it always does! I honor your sweet can- my cherished plans of procedure, upset dor tremendously, to prove which. I mean my porridge dish, and thrown all the fat in

Mr. N. How? say you? why think my Miss S. No. indeed!

Mr. N. The deuce, you don't ! 'If mine Miss S. Oh! I'll take that back, Nat.

Mr. N. My sweet little southern rosebud! mice, when they came to nibble at the seem- You have read Shelly? Well tell me what

clined to think! You see I'm a little like Shelley? I never quoted but one line of his, the wise rat that couldn't be induced to be- in my life, and didn't do that from any love lieve that no harm would come of it, should I have for him, let me tell you. Yes, I have he have the temerity to approximate that read Shelley, but I got enough of him in a big white heap;' or better still, I'm think- very short time; we are not on speaking ing with one of old, 'can anything good terms, at all. I don'tlike him, nor anything come out of Nazareth!' But to end this, I'll he says, so far as views 'generally' are conjust add the 'finally brethren,' if you do de- cerned, the language though, is pretty and coy me, by your 'make-believe,' into the un- poetic enough-but I don't like him, that's usual habit of talking sensibly, and then turn all. How any woman of common sense, and around and 'make fun' of my Personship, a single spark of divinity animating her bo-I give you fair warning I won't stand it, but som, could voluntarily unite her destiny with retrograde from my reform state, with aston- that of such a piece of profanity-such a ishing rapidity, and 'off with your head, Buckingham,' in the very next contest!—

Prenz garde Monsieur!

Heaven-daring mortal, is beyond my powers of comprehension. In my opinion, if the world were full of Shelley's, let us go as deep down as righteous indignation could hurl us, we would never find a place of punishment to exceed the miseries of this mor-

So you see I'm no Shelley-ite. I don't that it did me good to read it, seeing that it repudiate the Bible-on the contrary, I bewas so rational like? Oh no! I need do no lieve every word therein written, and think such thing, for this you know already, you know that your letters always delight me, for I have told you so. I said your last was rational-like, and so it was, only now and then the fun would leak out just a little—the satire would show itself. satire would show itself occasionally; but bilities of his, I think. He would have you did well—very well to keep down so shown himself more of a man, had he writlong. It was a labored effort, I know, but ten against Gretna-green and basty mar-you were afraid to be entirely serious, for riages, instead of advocating a system that fear that I might play false, and so trip you would very speedily make love, like Goldafter all. I see your confidence in me, is not smith's friendship, but a name, and write the epitaph of all human happiness! Miss S. My Bible tells me, 'put not your Mr. N. What are your notions upon the

subject of Temperance ? Mr. N. Then you were compelled to own Mr. N. You know, well enough, what up to a want of confidence in me! I knew think of that, and I'll simply say, I heartily it all the time, just as well as you did, but wish not one of your sex could ever wear how nicely you got out of it! 'Learned not the silken chords of matrimony, until he be to put your trust in princes,' but rather, in came a thorough adherent. It would save a a higher and nobler being! Oh, Sallie! I world of wretchedness to woman and degrasaw the 'cat under the meal.' I knew just dation to man, for there isn't one in a hunwhat you would have like to say, and would dred that don't think with noble Campbell

"Without the smile from partial beauty won, Oh! what were man! a world without a sun.'

Mr. N. And Slavery?

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a contemptible set, who have in their zeal, retarded their own course-more worthy of a good thick coat oftar and pitch, than of suth bat and blanket shawl, by a great Slavery isn't such a monstrous bug bear considerable, as one, who knew nothing from observation, would be led to believe a perusal of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I am and sed to people putting their fingers in folk's pie, and if they do, I'm right have them get burned. If your rabe all lay the flattering unction to their souls, that southerners are going to submit to their ditations, they'll be just as much mistaken is the old lady was when she knocked her put ding off of the table and said - 'scat ! Mr. N. Tell me what you thick of V man's Rights. In short, Sallie, gite me history of yourself, not as relates to the

mind. Will you do so? Miss S. As to Woman's Rights, my est opinion is, that she has it, in every sense of the word, when she is esteemed, loved and protected by the 'lords of creation.'-True, some of them are superior, in mental and physical strength, to man, but not progeneral thing. The only sphere that Infinite Wisdom designed her to fill, is private life, home is her world. She is man's inferior, and by him should be cherished and protected. Woman, I think, is altogether out of her latitude, when she mounts the rustroid or dons the Bloomer. For the foundation my faith, I'll just refer you to the 22d, 23d and 24th verses, V chapter Ephesians, and Deute-

events in your life, &c., but a history of your

ronomy 22d chap, 5th verse Mr. N. You have answered my question and please accept my thanks, for the san will you, Sallie? I like your notions in good many respects-I'm aware, or think ! am-that these sentiments, of yours, comfrom a good heart, whether they will bear the scrutiny of analysis or not; it makes to difference, and that I like, for I do like to see virtue, piety and goodness in womankind as well as in man. Yes, Sallie, I like your nations, in a good many respects, well, and I like you better-I do upon my word, Sdlie, and having screwed my courage to the sticking point-for I like the good old primitive way of courting the gale, and I nowe saw any but ninnies and transcendentalists that did not. The modern system I esche heartily dispise, and wouldn't insult any tle fairy by courting her after the facility fashion-I say having screwed my courage to the sticking point, I ask you plump and plain-will you marry me, Sallie?

Miss S. 'Ah! there's the rub,' as Shak .. peare says-ahem! who would have thought it would come to this! Well ye-now, Nat if I should meet you here in smoothsalling. I wouldn't know you from a bunch of turnips-just think of that! and under such circumstances you want me to decide if I will marry you or not! And besides that, you tell me, you are as 'ugly as a Rocky Mountain Budger,' when 'tis only 'a thing of beauty' that 'is a joy forever,' and ' more over and furthermore'-to adopt phrasology that smacks of your profession, you tell me you are a 'dear lover of beef and brandy,'

Mr. N. My dear little darling, its a decided mistake; I am not a very ugly man, so the pretty min xessay up here in Hardscrable; and not only that, but it's a positive fact, sweet Sallie, that I was once a very popular Temperance Lecturer, in these parts, and I have nt fallen from grace yet-have nt upon my word. It's the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, I'm telling ye. and now you know me, like a book; will you

have me, Sallie? Miss S. Y-e-s-ahem! Mr. N. Oh! glory! that's the way to talk it, Sallie! None of your faintings, and lachadaiseal sentimentalities for Nat North, Give me the girl that can face the music and not flinch! And now my own little darling you may expect me down to Smooth-ulling. to the tune of 'Carry me back to old Virginny,' to cage my sweet little southern songster. And let me tell you, here, that I'm in one of the most beautiful villages, this side of 'Kingdom come,' a perfect paradise of a spot. The people are rich, learned and aristocratic; highly cultivated, and just such as I like, and you will like. Externally, the village is a bute: wide, level streets, line! with old deep-foliaged trees with the broad blue Zodiac river running close along, and its banks fringed with shrubbery. 'The just as quiet as quiet can be, and resembles a ferest, with beautiful houses dropped down among the trees. And to crown all, 'carth's purest treasure, contentment, is here.' So you may suppose, my darling, that we shall live here, point blank like two partridges in

Miss S. Not quite so fast, Nat ; I've just one word of admonition, before you put out for these parts-and that is, never tell a lie, if not from principle, for fear it might sometime be found out, and operate somewhat upon your position, in a social sense, if nothing more. And secondly, and lastly, when a stranger's 'in the case,' always bear in mind the old darkie's assertion, which is more true than rhetorical, 'they's mighty unsurtain!' Now, Nat, I'm under the necessity of saying that I'm a 'shouting member' ... the ANTI-MATRIMONIAL SOCIETY, and only meant I'd 'have' you a long way off!
Mr. N. 'Sold,' by the prince of Wales!

Sallie, my names's Haynes! Arrow Dell, U. N.

BEAUTIFUL OLD AGE .- In Mrs. Signumay's new book, "Past Meridian," the following charming picture of virtuous old age occurs. God grant that such pictures may not be few and far between :

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"While shopherds watched their flocks by night,

'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,'

seem even now to fall sweetly, as they did upon my childish ear. These, and similar ancient harmonies, mingled with the devont prayers that morning and evening hallowed his home and its comforts; she, the loved partner of his days, being often sole auditor. Thus in one censor rose the praise which every day seemed to deepen. God's goodness palled not on their spirits because it had been long continued. They rejoiced that it was 'new every morning, and fresh every

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